

VI.

entrance to the tower. This is by a doorway made in the thick walls, through which the corpse-bearers enter and deposit the naked body in its appointed place. As soon as they retire the culturers who have been waiting for their meal, impatient of the scant ceremonies that precede its setting forth, swoop down and begin their work. No human eye has beheld the ghastly spectacle. The silence and the solitude of the towers are broken only by the presence and the hideous wails of the birds of prey. But it is known that within half an hour of the body's being laid out in the tower, nothing is left but the skeleton. Eight days later, by which time the bones are thoroughly dried, the corpse-bearers return, take up the relics and cast them in a well in the centre of the tower, and in process of years they become decomposed, and absolutely nothing is left of what was once man or woman. For 200 years the Parsees, living together in Bombay, have here found their last resting place, their dust mingling in a common tomb, undivided by death as they were bound together in life. Yet in all these years it has not been found necessary to clear out the wells by reason of overcrowding. It is customary for a man or woman to be buried in the particular tower where those of their own family, traced back in many cases for two centuries, have been given to the culturers.

One tower is set apart for special purposes, and is least frequented. Here are buried members of the Parsee sect who have been guilty of heinous crimes or in some way become outcasts from their race. It would be shocking that a Parsee should be buried in the earth. A criminal belonging to the sect must have Parsee burial after the fashion in vogue since the time of Cyrus; but the bones of honest men and women may not be contaminated by mixture with his. In a tempo commanding all the towers the sacred fire, lit 2000 years ago, is still kept burning, and is mathematically set, so that the light may shine through an aperture in each of the towers.

We had the advantage of having the place and the mode of funeral explained by the secretary, a genial person in spectacles, white gown and bright red trousers, who spoke excellent English. He explained that the Parsees regarded cremation as the preferable means of disposing of dead bodies. But they worshipped fire, and could not set on their deity the performance of this last office. Whilst admitting that the process was naturally revolting to the Western mind, he powerfully justified it on the score of sanitarianism. So careful are the Parsees that earth shall not be polluted by the absorption of matter from dead bodies that in connection with the well containing the decomposed bones they have an elaborate system of drainage which carries off whatever may issue direct to the sea. Whatever else may be said of the system it is certainly cheap, few rupees covering funeral costs. As we stood in the grounds a funeral came by. In accordance with custom the service had commenced at the house of the deceased, where friends and relations had gathered and prayer had been said. It is enjoined by the Parsee ritual that whatever the interval of distance may be, the body must be carried on the shoulders of men from the bed of the deceased. They passed us at a swinging pace, four men bearing the body on a light bier, the head to the rear. The body was simply covered by a sheet, four high. The body was all white. All the mourners were dressed in white, and those not carrying the bier walked two and two, each couple holding a handkerchief between them. I asked the secretary what the significance, in this case, but he did not know, could only surmise, in no very clear way that it was "a fortification against impurity." It was ordained by Zoroaster and that was enough for him, if not sufficient for a mind fresh to the inquiry. Before the procession walked an old man leading a white dog with curly tail and not in the best condition. I thought he had caught the monsoon trespassing within the cemetery and was leading it to the gate with intent indignomously to thrust it forth. But I learned that the dog was an indispensable figure in the funeral. Scarcely less so than the corpse itself. When the bearers brought the body to the foot of the tower on the topmost edge of which the cultures sat, a black forbidding line, the cloth was removed from the head, the dog brought up and crouched under the head, and the body was lowered down. To cause him to look into the face of the dead. The Parsee corpse-bearers took up the body and disappeared within the tower and the dog was led away. Here again, except that it was ordained in the ritual of the sect, been practiced for thousands of years, my philosopher and friend in the baggy red trousers could give me no explanation. "Some hold," he said, whilst waiting me against accepting it as anything but a surmise, "that the dog's eyes have the power of attracting to themselves all impurity." It well regulated how the dog is brought in to look upon the face of dying man or woman before the last struggle ceases, just as in another church extreme unction is administered. As the dying eyes of the pious Catholic look last upon the cross, so the earthly things fade from the eyes of the Parsee as he looks on the face of a dog. The dog must be white in color, and to be perfect should be marked with yellow spots, a rare phenomenon reserved for the betterment of the eternal chances of the rich. We saw the dog come back, and no longer wondered at his melancholy aspect. What a life it must lead! To be taken out at frequent intervals expecting that it is going for a scamper through the mists, or peradventure to be led forth to a beautiful meal, and all ways to be brought up short to see the face of the deceased, to think that perhaps after all here is the meal, and once again the pale dead face and the glassy eyes. I asked the secretary did they live long; but he did not know.

The corpse bearers having disappeared with the tower, the mourners quickly retraced their steps and ranged themselves outside the temple on the side facing the tower. They stood there mute and motionless for several minutes. Suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of a bell. The black line, circling the top of the tower, swooped downward with hoarse cries and the rustle of great wings, and the mourners looked on in dumb amazement at the service for what cannot strictly be called the burial of the dead. When we left the place a quarter of an hour later the black line on the top of the tower was no longer to be seen. The vulture, the vulture slowly sailing up were reminding their lazy positions. Many of them, standing on one leg, seemed to be picking their teeth with the other or claw, surveyed the scene, Bombay busy and bustling still containing fair examples of plump Parsees, and beyond the city, a twinkling on rosy tints in the light of the setting sun. HENRY W. LUCY.

THIRTEEN AT A FUNERAL.

A hearse and three carriages drove up to the Grand Central Depot a few days ago. When the funeral coach halted the Rev. Stephen Merritt, who was the undertaker, went to the ticket office and asked for thirteen tickets. He threw down a \$30 bill, which the ticket agent counted, and after giving him the tickets the agent counsed on the change.

"Well, he's got out a tail, this man in black, one of the funeral party."

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Merritt, looking up at someone as he gathered up the change.

"You must not do that," said the tall man positively.

"What is not to be done?"

"You have bought fifteen tickets."

"I have bought out a tail, this man in black, one of the funeral party."

"You want I'll go with a party of thirteen?"

"Oh," said Mr. Merritt, "I can't tell anybody not to go."

"I never will go with thirteen," said the tall man positively.

"You will point me out someone, I will tell him to go."

"Oh! I can't do that," replied the tall man; "there are all my relatives, and you go yourself, Mr. Merritt."

"Impossible, I must take the next train to Sing Sing."

"Well, I must get somebody else then."

"Hurry up," cried another one of the party. "It's time for the funeral."

The thin man looked around him in despair and started for his train reluctantly. "Well," said he, "I know we won't all be here this time next year."

SHE WAS A SORT OF GRASS WIDOW.

From *The Philadelphia Call*.

Groom—Well, pet, is there anything you want to-day?

Widow—No, dear. I wish you would stop at the secretary and get some grass seed.

Groom—O'course, love; but what do you want of it?

Bride—Ah, now you're out to the cemetery to-morrow.

Groom—But what for?

Bride—To meet my first husband that I would a' loved the grave was kept green, and I had almost forgot to tell it.

PLAYERS—FEATURES OF THE

and his helmet and coat of mail useless?"

"No, we are not. When ordnance goes as far beyond works of defense as it has now, the knight's armor would be so compelled to depend entirely upon forts, but that I think will never come."

"Is there any limit to the thickness of iron forts?"

"Nothing except the length of iron bars. It is nothing more. The thicker the armor, the more effective. In England and on the Continent there are a number of them. They revolve just as do the turrets of monitors and turret ships now used by the navies of all nations. Turret ships are now used by the United States in the West Indies. The British have constructed in the designs exhibited here by Trinity in 1845. I have seen the fortifications of all the European Powers, and England and France, Germany, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, have the most complete armaments of coast defenses in the world. As to the cost of iron forts, it costs about \$100,000 a gun for works composed partly of iron and partly of masonry. In such work the hydraulic engine is used to produce the pressure of the guns. The English can build a gun for \$50,000 a gun. Turrets cost from \$200,000 to \$300,000 a gun. England has built one at Portland Pier. The approaches to Antwerp are defended by four large turrets. Germany has several on the coast. France has a line of turrets along her German frontier and she has recently ordered the Pola strongly fortified with revolving turrets. The most important method of working the turrets now is by steam—hydraulic power. That is, steam is used to work the hydraulic engines, which wheel turn a spiral screw, which causes the turret to revolve. A new constructed turret the guns of Her Majesty's ship Indefatigable might pound in vain."

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THE PUBLIC LIBRARY IN SUMMER.

MOST OF THEM CLOSED FOR A FEW WEEKS FOR CLEANING AND INSPECTION.

The Mercantile Library in Clinton Place, "we have to close up for a general house cleaning. It comes in the time of a Presidential election. We have just closed the cleaning operation usually takes about two weeks. This year we shall be ready to open again by the first of September. The members who desire are allowed to take out two extra books during this period without any additional cost."

It is not a light task to go through nearly a quarter of a million volumes, removing them, dusting them and cleaning shelves. One shelf has to be moved at a time and each book carefully returned to its proper position as marked in the catalogue, so that it may be found when wanted without difficulty. This work has to be superintended by one who knows the places of the books. Some of the volumes perhaps have not been moved since they were cleaned forty years ago. Valuable books must be examined with especial care, to see if they have not been injured by mice or insects.

There are always several hundred to be placed aside to be disposed of, on account of the wear they have received in circulation. Our reading room will also be closed this year, as the accommodation will be required for the new room in the rear of that, now occupied as a reading room, the space being needed for new books. Our branch offices in Liberty st. and in Fifth-ave. will remain open.

The New York Library was closed yesterday and will not be opened until September 2d. It contains more than 200,000 volumes. It was suggested in the last issue of the Superintendent's edition of the annual report, that, during the summer, one of the lower rooms might remain open daily for reference. Those who wished more to use the privilege could apply for tickets, and the library would be kept open, however, was taken by the trustees. No changes are to be made in the library for the present year. The new catalogue will be ready, it is thought, in the fall.

The Lenox library in Fifth-ave. is closed from July 9th to October 10th. The trustees will not meet until the time of opening to decide on the course for the coming year.

The books of the Apprentices' Library, in Sixteenth-st., near Broadway undergo a renovation on Saturday, July 26 to September 1, but the reading room remains open, and books may be consulted there for reference.

The library and reading room of the New Christian Association remain open every day, including Sundays, all summer.

The Cooper Union Library and Reading Room are closed during the week, but are located on Sixth-ave. The reading room of the New York Historical Society and the New York Public Library remain open all summer.

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LARGE BARRELS FOR APPLES.

WHOLESALE DEALERS REFUSE TO TAKE "PONY" BARRELS.

As the time for the gathering of the apple crop in Western New-York approaches the growers are becoming somewhat agitated on the subject of the size of the barrel in which to market the apples. THE TRIBUNE some weeks ago published an interview with one of the best-known and largest dealers in apples which was pretty generally reprinted in the papers published in the apple region. The dealer, speaking for himself and other dealers, said that they would be compelled to refuse to buy New-York apples this year unless the growers would pack them in the "standard" barrel and discard the "pony" or short measure barrels, because, although the New-York apples are the best, in almost every respect, that are grown, the buyers of the retail trade refuse to purchase them, alleging that their customers look upon the small barrels as a fraud.

N. D. Tripp, of Poplar Ridge, Cayuga County, has written a letter to THE TRIBUNE in which he asserts that he would like to know from the New-York dealer what he calls the "standard barrel" and adds that, as he understands it, the Legislature fixed the standard at 100 quarters per bushel. He said:

"The word 'barrel' called upon Austin Kimball and asked him to answer Mr. Tripp's inquiry. He said: 'What we, the dealers, mean by a standard barrel is one the state will guarantee to hold thirty-two inches in diameter or seventeen and one eighth inches in diameter, and the bulge sixty-four inches around. It is precisely the same kind of a barrel in its dimensions as that used in the State of Ohio, and it weighs about 7,500 barrels of flour a day. The standard barrel is the flour-barrel. The New-York growers will find that they cannot place their crop this year unless they adopt the standard barrel. They would be liable to the weight with the apples from other sections of the country, which use the flour barrel size universally. If a man had these New-York State apples packed in the small barrels, the buyers of the retail trade would not want them, because, relatively, they won't bring what they are worth. It does not cost any more to transport a full-sized barrel and cost this would enable the buyer to pay a greater price for fruit packed in full-sized packages. The grounds of opposition to the small barrel, and the expense of building barrels for the buyers in a circular addressed to the growers and it is pretty certain that the days of the small or 'pony' barrel are numbered."

In partaking of the above article and my observations lead me to believe that the majority of the growers, particularly the larger and most intelligent ones, will accept the flour-barrel size.

I have heard that some of our growers had already contracted for 1,000 barrels of the full size and expected to order 1,000 more shortly. He said that he would it would be for the best interests of the growers to have a square small barrel. All that the dealers want is a square

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HOW DEAF MUTES TOOK THE EARTHQUAKE

"GOD'S VENGEANCE ON WICKED NEW-YORK!"

A THINKING IT WAS FIRE ENGINES AND TRAINS.

A reporter of THE TRIBUNE visited some of the next to lose for deaf-mutes in the city to learn how they were affected by Sunday's earthquake. There is a home for old and indigent deaf-mutes in Thirtieth-st., which is under the personal supervision of the Rev. Dr. Caldwell, whose latest record of deaf-mutes is well known. Here the reporter found a pleasant old lady, seventy-two years of age, who was in charge of the establishment. She said that almost all the charges were away visiting friends in the country, but that the particular inmate whose experiences on Sunday were most interesting had come off for a stroll to look into the store windows, and perhaps read a little at the Cooper Union. He was an old man of about three, originally a Bostonian, and somewhat flighty, but in the opinion of Mrs. Caldwell, his daughter, a very gentleman named Young who assists in the administration of the charity, all felt the shock and ran down stairs to the ground, thinking that the rambling was caused by fire engines passing at great speed. But before he could open the door to look into the store the old man fell down the stairs.

"I am sorry," said the old lady, "but I don't know where he went. He was in the store, his legs trembled, his legs shook under him, and the perspiration breaking out in beads upon his forehead. He said with his fingers 'God's vengeance upon this wicked city.' Then he gasped for a while, and then his fingers worked out the statement: 'New-York has very bad roads going to destroy it.' They thought his wife had given way and asked him to get up. He got up, and he said: 'This is no earthquake shock and that it went all though me, in my stomach and legs particularly.' He pushed back the door of the building, and he saw the engine pass from the north to the south. They saw nothing, and were greatly puzzled. They did not know what to make of it. Was they both ex-

connected with *The Journal*, were down at the pier on the Hudson River, near the Institute. They were fishing,

PRICES AROUND THE MARKET.

THE PEACH CROP—A COMPLAINT OF DELAWARE PEACH-GROWERS.

The peach market is fairly well supplied just now with good, wholesome fruit, that is sold at reasonable prices. The Delaware and South New Jersey seasons are about at their height. Some splendid baskets of Crawford's white varieties on hand for \$1 25 and \$1 50 a basket. This is nearly as cheap as they will get, and housekeepers who wish to put up their private supplies would do well to imitate the example of the canners, who have come into the market and bought extensively within the past week. The large canners are good thermometers for the smaller fry to watch. Of other fruit in the market peaches are selling for 75 cents a bushel and \$1 50 a basket. The blackberry crop has dwindled down to a few boxes of withered and tasteless fruit from the northern part of the State that is sold for 8 cents a quart-box. Small blue plums are selling at 6 and 10 cents a quart. Black lamburg grapes from the hot-house cost 75 cents a pound. Watermelons are from New Jersey and are sold at 25 and 50 cents each. From the same State are coming the finest muskmelons of the season, which retail at 10 and 15 cents each; fine apples are 40 cents a half peck, and cooking sweet corn is abundant, costing at wholesale only 10 and \$1 50 a hundred ears, and retailing at 15 cents a dozen. Oyster pears are 15 cents a bunch, and small quantities could be obtained at a lower head. There are barrels of small cucumbers for pickling purposes sold in Washington Market at 25 cents a barrel. A barrel will hold about 2,400 pickles. Sweet plantain and apple sauce costs, each fresh tomatoes 10 cents a quart, new tomato celery 20 cents a head and soup celery 2 cents a bunch. Lima beans from New Jersey gardens retail here at 10 cents a bushel. Green peas of the same quality, green chow 75 cents a hundred, sorrel 15 cents a half peck, sage, summer savory, sweet marjoram and other herbs 25 cents a pound, and garden mint 15 cents a pound. White turnips are 15 cents a half peck, new potatoes 50 cents a peck, and spinach 20 cents a half peck.

Fine fat squabs are worth \$3 a dozen. Woodcock can be had for \$1 50 a pair. Capons are selling at 40 cents a pound, turkeys 16 and 25 cents, roasting spring chickens 30 and 35 cents, broilers 25 cents, and the big turkey fowls 15 and 20 cents a pound. Goslings cost 30 cents and duckings 20 cents a pound.

Eggs creamery butter is worth 30 cents and standard butter 25 cents a pound. New Jersey eggs cost 30 cents and Western eggs 23 cents a dozen.

There is not a strong demand for "tobacco and ketchup," but the weather being so cold, such provisions may not be amiss. Roasting pigs are \$3 each, pig's tongues 12 cents a pound, heads 12 cents a pound, sweetcobs \$1 50 and 80 a dozen, corned tongues 15 cents, and salt fish 15 cents a pound. Bacon 15 cents, lard 15 and 17 cents a pound, ox tails \$1 a dozen, and boneless shoulders 13 cents a pound.

There are many tricks of the average produce merchant to which the outside public is a stranger, but one which is attracting some attention at present is said to be an old grievance. The peach growers of the Delaware and South Jersey States, by reason to this city, have complained lately of trick dealing by the New-York commission men to whom their fruit was consigned. They say that the buyers of the fruit were told it came from the steamer, was delayed and that the fruit did not yet set the benefit of that day's market. The grocers say that there can be but two objects for these false statements: either to induce the buyer to purchase or else to furnish an excuse to the commission merchant to return their sales at a lower rate than he fruit sold for, and thus to defraud the shipper.

MENU.

Lit le Neck Larks.
Clam Soup.
Halibut with Tomato Sauce.
Fillet of Beef Braiz e au Jus, a la Parisienne.
Cauliflower.
Game Sals.
Consommé.
Cream Pie, Preserves and Cream.
Coffee.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

HALIBUT WITH TOMATO SAUCE.—Cut your halibut steak into pieces about two inches square. Dip each piece in flour, sprinkling with pepper and salt and put in a hot frying-pan in which a large piece of the best butter is melted. Turn the fish over until the surface is evenly covered except when turning the fish, which must be thoroughly browned but not burned. Have ready some tomato sauce made thus: Take some of the richest of the bottled saucepan for an hour or so. If cooked gently they can hardly be cooked too long. Then drain off all the skins, seeds, etc., and add the sauce with a large piece of butter and some rich stock if you happen to have it. Smooth a teaspoonful of cornstarch in a little cold water and stir it into the sauce. Sprinkle the fillets of halibut in a circle around a platter and pour the sauce in the centre. Sprinkle the pieces of fish with a little salt and chop-ped parsley. Serve very hot.

CHICKEN AND MACARONI.—Put a yard tender chicken in meat pieces and simmer in fresh butter with a few strips of bacon, keeping the pan covered. Season well with pepper and salt. Tie a handful of the small Italian macaroni for twenty minutes, drain through a colander, add a large spoonful of butter, a cup of rich, strong gravy, and if liked, some grated Parmesan cheese. Arrange the chicken on a very hot dish and garnish with fried mushrooms. Place the macaroni round the chicken and serve with a round of butter.

TOM TO SALAD.—Take six round, smooth, ripe tomatoes, pour over them some boiling water and let them stand in it about two minutes. Then take a sharp knife and cut away the skin in a single layer, leaving it in the hot water. Set them on ice until very cold and firm. Then with a sharp knife, cut in even, round slices, but do not separate—let them float in the water. Put each slice in its original tin, into one of the inner leaves of a crisp lettuce—about three leaves to each tomato. Then pour over them a nice Mayonnaise.—Brook.

MAYONNAISE SAUCE.—Beat with a silver fork the yolks of five eggs in a bowl. Add gradually the first mixture is thick, some time olive oil—beating all the time. If you get in too much oil at once it will curdle and get thin again. When it is thick enough, add a little more oil, then yolk of egg, beat and gradually add it to wait beating the first mixture which has curdled. When the sauce is thick add two tablespoonfuls of salt and a little sugar and lemon juice to give it a pleasant taste. Some people like a little sugar also. The sauce can be nicely beaten with a Dover egg beater.

ORANGE SALAD.—This is a delicious salad and easily made. Peel two or three sweet, juicy oranges and cut up the quarters in half a dozen bits, removing all the seeds. Mix with a quarter of a pint of vinegar and three or four leaves of lettuce, and pour Mayonnaise sauce over each nest. A quantity of apples can be made when the apples are very ripe, juicy, and sour.

THE FLOATING REEF.

A SAILOR'S YARN OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

"Did you ever hear of the floating reef?" asked a sailor with an air of superior knowledge, as he cut a piece of tobacco off a plug so large that it was difficult to tell which was the pipe and which was the plug.

"I never did," answered respondent; "tell me about it."

"Well, I reckon you've heard of ships as sailed out of port and never came back, or made any other port. Some folks think one thing happened to 'em, some another; but I know what happened to 'em! the floating reef happened to 'em. You ask any old shell-back and he'll tell you just as I do. I want smalls, not sea serpents, nor infernal machines; 'twas the floating reef." This reef is something that sailors dread more than anything else. It dogged about in the North Atlantic Ocean, and never got one place long at a time. It never seemed anywhere near a shore till it was way out at sea. It isn't near; then a ship sees it and comes back to tell the story; but there have been ships as have sailed with it and escaped unhurt—plainly as I see that binnacle laid burning there—as plainly as I see that mast.

I was on the ship ———, in 1864. It was the last date I went and had some sleep after having failed in my duty. I woke awake with a start by the second mate shouting:

"Forward there!"

"On deck, sir."

"What's that on the starboard bow?"

"It was just before sunrise, and in the gray light of the early morning I saw a reef of black, jagged rocks, with the water dashing over it. It was within a quarter of a mile of it, and it was apparently drifting right across our bows."

"Breakers on the starboard bow!" I shouted.

"Keep her off!" cried the mate; "I was the worst frightened man you ever saw; so much frightened indeed that the dressing down the mate gave me for not keeping a sharper lookout was a positive relief."

"At 100 yards and soon left it astern."

"At the time this happened we were in the middle of the Atlantic, and in the track now known as Liverpool by sailing vessels, and the reefs were all there, but have never seen the floating reef except that one time. Don't tell me it was a tide-rip—I saw the rocks."